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MARVEL \$1
MOVIE PREMIERE
No. 1

MARVEL MOVIE PREMIERE

PRESENTS
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS'

ALL
NEW!
NO
ADS!

1ST
STARTLING
ISSUE

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT



EXTRA:
PHOTOS AND FEATURES FROM
THE MIND-BOGGLING MOVIE BLOCK-BUSTER!



STAN LEE presents

MARVEL MOVIE PREMIERE

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FEATURING THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT!

MARV WOLFMAN
Editor

ARCHIE GOODWIN
Consulting Editor

JOHN WARNER
Associate Editor

BARBARA ALTMAN & NORA MACLIN
Design

DAN ADKINS
Art Consultant

LEN GROW
Production

ROY THOMAS
Editor Emeritus

TOM MONTEMARANO
Circulation

NICK CARDY
Cover



THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

Our senses-shattering adaptation
of the fantastic film released by
**AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL
PICTURES** and based on the
nerve-numbing novel by **EDGAR
RICE BURROUGHS**.

Adaptation by **MARV WOLFMAN
& SONNY TRINIDAD**.

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Special Feature!

LOST LANDS; FORBIDDEN CITIES!

A look at the lost worlds of Edgar
Rice Burroughs and other fantasy
masters of our time!

By **LIN CARTER**

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DEAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE

LAND

THAT

TIME

FORGOT

Adaptation: MARV WOLFMAN Art: SONNY TRINIDAD



IT MUST HAVE BEEN A
LITTLE AFTER THREE
O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON
THAT IT HAPPENED--THE
AFTERNOON OF JUNE 3RD,
1916. IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE
THAT ALL I HAVE PASSED
THROUGH--ALL THOSE WEIRD
AND TERRIFYING EXPERIENCES
--SHOULD HAVE BEEN
ENCOMPASSED WITHIN SO
SHORT A SPAN AS THREE
BRIEF MONTHS.



RATHER MIGHT I
HAVE EXPERIENCED
A COSMIC CYCLE,
WITH ALL ITS
CHANGES AND
EVOLUTIONS FOR
THAT WHICH I HAVE
SEEN WITH MY OWN
EYES IN THIS BRIEF
INTERVAL OF
TIME--



--THINGS THAT NO
OTHER MORTAL EYE
HAD SEEN BEFORE,
GLIMPSES OF A
WORLD PAST, A WORLD
DEAD, A WORLD SO
LONG DEAD THAT EVEN
IN THE LOWEST
CAMBRIAN STRATUM
NO TRACE OF IT
REMAINS.



FUSED WITH THE MELTING
INNER CRUST, IT HAS PASSED
FOREVER BEYOND THE KEN
OF MAN OTHER THAN IN
THAT LOST POCKET OF
EARTH WHITHER FATE
HAS BORNE ME AND
WHERE MY DOOM IS
SEALED.

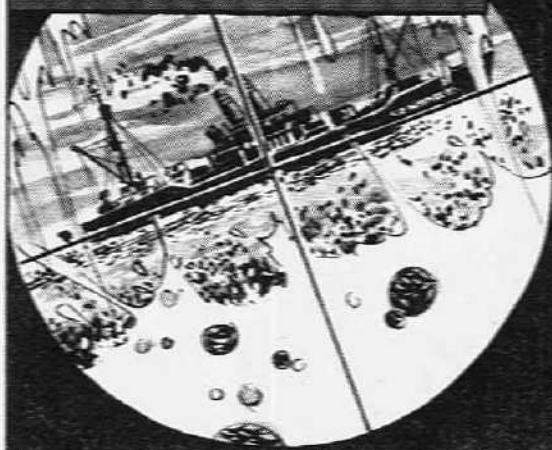


I AM HERE,
AND HERE I
MUST REMAIN.



EVERYTHING IN THIS DOCUMENT IS TRUE, IT IS NO HOAX, BELIEVE ME. MY NAME IS BOWEN TYLER, IN THE SPRING OF THIS YEAR I LEFT OUR FAMILY SHIPYARDS IN SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA, AND BOARDED A BRITISH SHIP, THE S.S. MONTROSE, DETERMINED TO GET TO FRANCE AND SEE SOME ACTION.

BUT THE ACTION CAME SOONER THAN I EXPECTED.



IT'S HER, ALL RIGHT, S.S. MONTROSE-- 10,000 TONS.

RANGE: 1,000 YARDS-- DEPTH: SEVEN METERS.



BOW TUBES ONE AND TWO-- HOLD, HOLD--

COMING UP TO RANGE--

FIRE ONE! FIRE TWO!







THEY'RE BEASTS, THOSE GERMANS. AND TO THINK -- I WAS TO HAVE MARRIED ONE OF THEM --

-- A COMMANDER IN THE NAVY.

NOW I PRAY THAT HE... THAT... THEY ALL ROT IN WHATEVER HELL THEY'RE FROM.



BUT WHAT OF NOW? ARE WE LOST? WILL ANYONE FIND--?

I WISH I KNEW... I REALLY DO, BUT--WAIT!

LISTEN!

WYO HO BLOW THE MAN DOWN!



AHOY THERE!

AHOY! WHERE ARE YOU?

HERE! HERE! AHOY! WE'RE JUST AHEAD OF YOU!



AH--YOU MADE IT!

ORL RIGHT ME DEAR. UP YOU COME.

I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE SAFE, MR. TYLER, YOU TOO, MISS LA RUE... LYS.

DID ANY OF THE OTHER BOATS GET AWAY, BRADLEY?



NOT ONE.

NONE.



WE'RE IN BAD SHAPE, MR. TYLER... VERY BAD. ONLY HALF A GALLON OF WATER... NO FOOD WHATSOEVER.

AND THERE'S NO CHANCE OF RESCUE. YOUNG WHITELEY GOT OFF AN S.O.S. -- BUT HE HAD NO TIME TO GIVE OUR POSITION.



"NO ONE EVEN KNOWS WHERE WE ARE... AND MORE: NO ONE PROBABLY CARES."

SIR, BORG REQUESTS PERMISSION TO SURFACE.

WE COULD USE THE TIME FOR RECHARGING OUR BATTERIES.

VERY WELL, DIETZ...

...PREPARE TO SURFACE!



LISTEN!

SOMETHING'S OUT THERE!



IT'S A U-BOAT.
I KNOW THE SOUND OF THEIR DIESELS.



WE HAVE ABOUT TWO MINUTES BEFORE THE HATCH OPENS.

IF WE CAN GET ABOARD BEFORE THAT TIME, I THINK WE CAN GIVE THE GERMANS A RATHER NASTY SURPRISE.

THEN PULL TOWARDS THEM, MEN. AS QUIETLY AS YOU CAN.



YOU STAY HERE, LYS -- IT COULD BE A BIT DANGEROUS IN A FEW MINUTES.

THE REST OF YOU -- ARM YOURSELF -- AND ABSOLUTE SILENCE FROM NOW ON.



WE WAITED QUIETLY AS THE SECONDS TICKED ONWARDS. ALMOST AN ETERNITY LATER... OUR HEARTS JUMPED.

THE HATCH BEGAN TO OPEN. EACH OF US TOOK A DEEP BREATH, HELD IT... WAITED A MOMENT MORE AND THEN...



QUIET! ONE WORD FROM YOU, AND YOU WILL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN.

UNDERSTAND...?



SIREN?

HOW IN BLAZES--?



FROM A SEA-BORN SILENCE ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE, EVERYTHING SUDDENLY SCREAMED CHAOS. FISTS WENT FLYING IN EVERY DIRECTION AS THE GERMANS SCURRED UP FROM THE U-BOAT'S HOLD...



...TO BATTLE OUR MEN WHEREVER THEY STOOD.



BUT OUR BOYS DID WELL, AND I WAS PROUD TO BE AMONGST THEM. THOUGH OUTNUMBERED GREATLY, WE FOUGHT SAVAGELY, RESISTING THE GERMANS AT EVERY TURN.



AS FOR ME, I DID LEST WELL, FOR, CAUGHT OFF-GUARD, MY MAN NEARLY FRACTURED MY SKULL WITH A MIGHTY BLOW FROM HIS GUN BUTT--



--SENDING ME SAILING BACKWARDS... ALMOST OVER THE FRAGILE RAILING...



I WAS DAZED...UNABLE EVEN TO CLEARLY SEE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. BUT THROUGH THE FOG WHICH COVERED MY EYES, I SAW THE GERMAN ADVANCE ON ME... HE RAISED HIS GUN HIGH--



--AND JUST AS IT CAME STREAKING DOWN--AN EXPLOSION RATTLED MY HEAD.



I FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF GUN SMOKE BACK TO MY SAVIOR--AND MY LOVE.

FOR I KNEW THEN THAT LYS LA RUE WAS THE ONLY WOMAN I WOULD EVER LOVE.

AND THE NEXT THING I SAW WAS THE GERMAN DEAD AT MY FEET...WITH A BULLETHOLE DIRECTLY THROUGH HIS HEART.





THAT TAKES CARE
OF OUR DESTRUCTIVE
FRIEND.

HOW
MUCH
DAMAGE
DID HE
DO?

NO WAY OF
CONTACTING ALLIED
SHIPPING NOW,
MR. OLSON.



YOU COULD TRY
VISUAL SIGNALS--WAVE
TO PASSING BRITISH
SHIPS!

OF COURSE, THEIR NAVY
WILL HARDLY PAUSE TO READ
SIGNALS FROM AN ENEMY
SHIP.



NO! THERE IS
ONLY ONE PLACE YOU
CAN SAFELY GO--AND
THAT IS TO THE SHIP-
YARD AT KIEL--IN
GERMANY, WHERE I CAN
PROMISE THAT YOU
WILL BE WELL TREATED.

THERE'S ONLY
ONE PLACE YOU
CAN GO, COMMANDER
VON SHOENVORTS--
AND THAT'S
PLUMB TO HELL!!

WE HAD DECIDED TO TAKE THE SHIP TO ENGLAND...ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, AND SO THE FOLLOWING WERE ANXIOUS DAYS, DURING WHICH I HAD LITTLE OPPORTUNITY TO ASSOCIATE WITH LYS.

THE FIRST TWO BOATS WE SIGHTED MADE OFF AS FAST AS THEY COULD THE MOMENT THEY SPOTTED US. FOR DAYS ON END WE SAW NO OTHERS, BUT WE KNEW THAT SOON WE WOULD, AND IT WAS THIS KNOWLEDGE THAT KEPT OUR SPIRITS ALIVE!



WE HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO TALK MY DEAR.

THERE IS NOTHING I WISH TO SAY TO YOU, COMMANDER!

OR DO YOU FORGET YOU SUNK THE SHIP I WAS ON...A SHIP WHICH CARRIED NOTHING BUT INNOCENT PASSENGERS...WOMEN AND CHILDREN!

AND A HOLD FULL OF ARMS AND AMMUNITION WHICH COULD HAVE BEEN USED TO KILL WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN MY COUNTRY, LYS.

HOW ELSE COULD IT HAVE EXPLODED SO QUICKLY?

THINK ON THAT, MY DEAR... AND WE SHALL TALK AGAIN...

SOON!



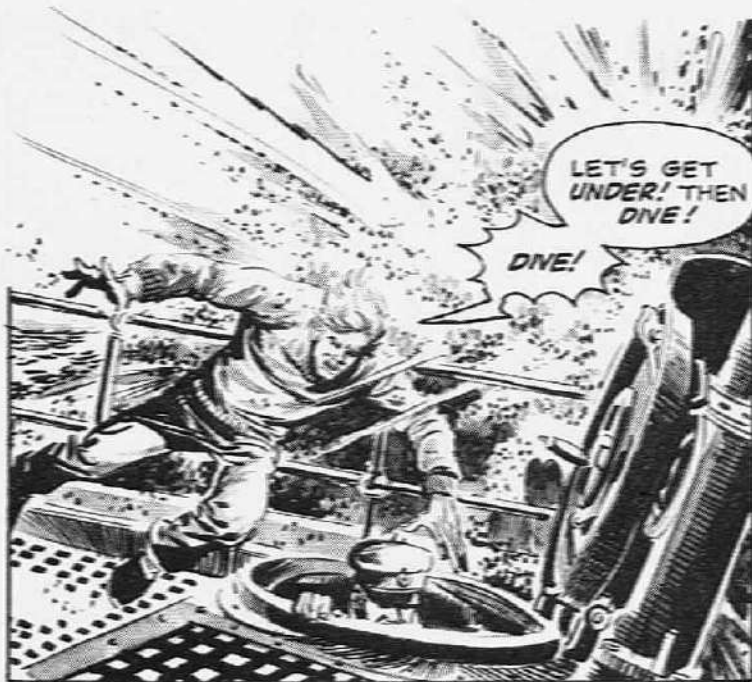
MR. TYLER! THERE'S A BRITISH WARSHIP. LOOK!

WE'RE IN LUCK.

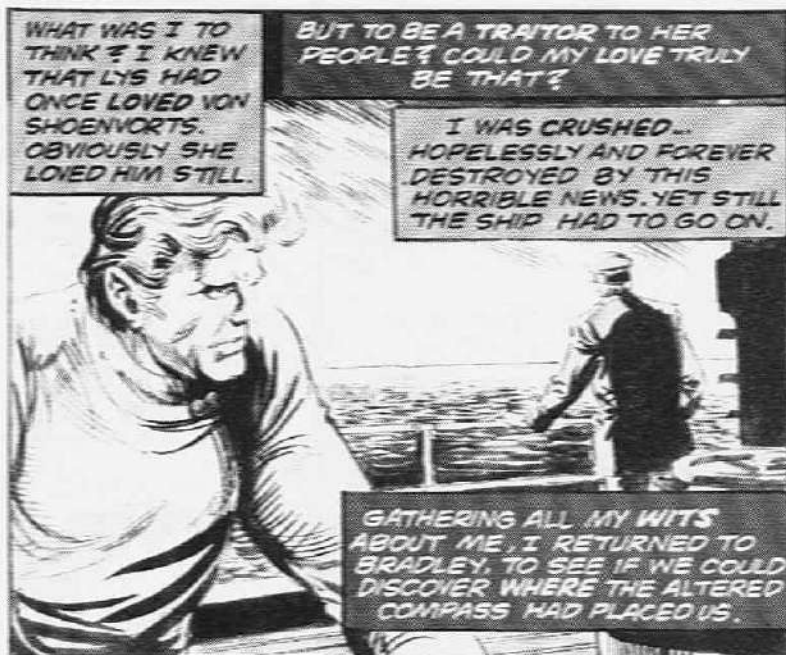


SIGNAL THEM ON THE ALDIS... QUICKLY!







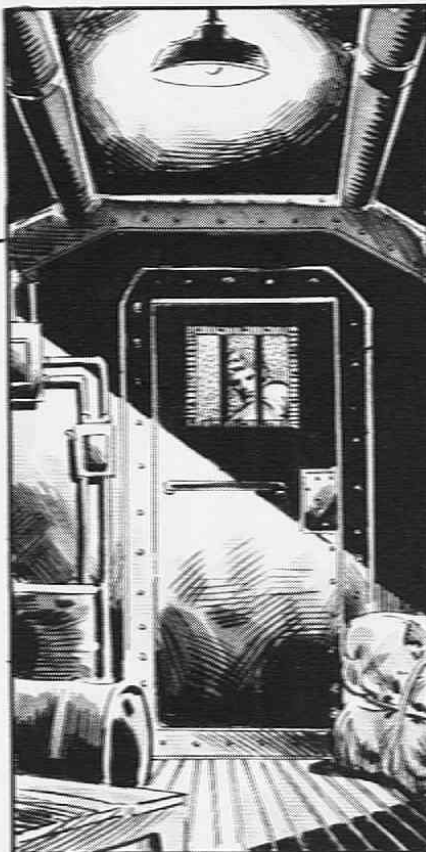


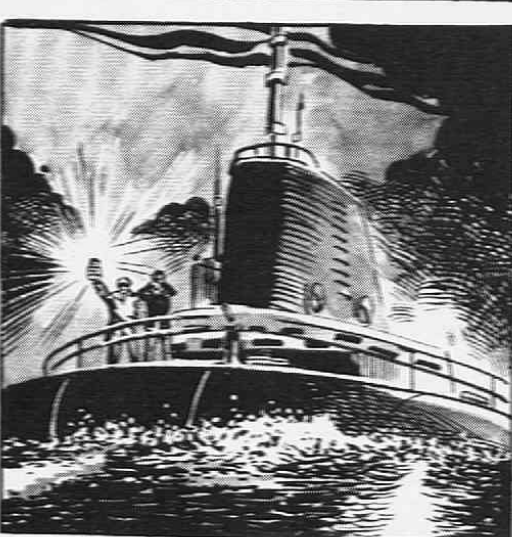
MY HEART WAS TORN FROM ME SAVAGELY AT THE SIGHT OF LYS STANDING BY HER GERMAN LOVER.

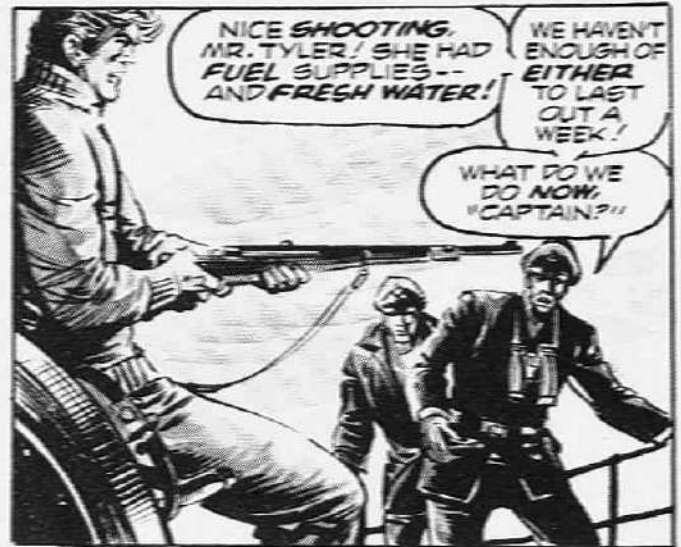
IT WAS ALL TRUE, AND, FOOL THAT I AM, I REFUSED TO BELIEVE IT.



ALAS, IT WAS TOO LATE, WE WERE ALL DOOMED.







NICE SHOOTING, MR. TYLER! SHE HAD FUEL SUPPLIES-- AND FRESH WATER!

WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH OF EITHER TO LAST OUT A WEEK!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW, "CAPTAIN?"

WE'LL CONSERVE OUR FUEL--AND SEE WHERE THE CURRENTS TAKE US!

WE'LL GO ON SHORT RATIONS--AND MAKE THEM LAST AS LONG AS POSSIBLE!

PAH!

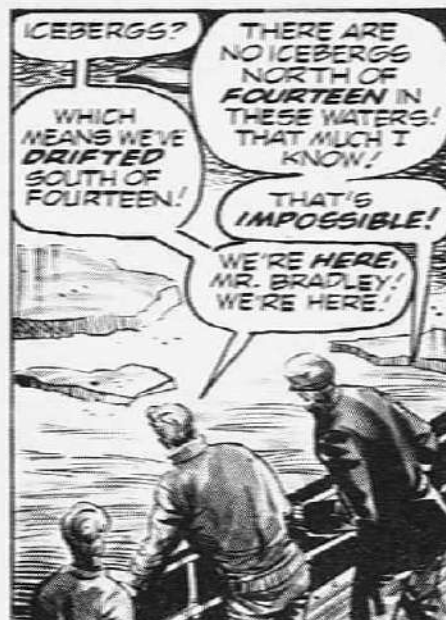


AS FOR YOU "CAPTAIN"-- BACK INTO IRONS! AND, THIS TIME, I'LL HAVE THE KEYS!



ANY IDEA WHERE WE ARE?

NO, MR. BRADLEY! THE COMPASS IS OUT! AND WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE SKIES IN FOUR DAYS!



ICEBERGS?

THERE ARE NO ICEBERGS NORTH OF FOURTEEN IN THESE WATERS! THAT MUCH I KNOW!

WHICH MEANS WE'VE DRIFTED SOUTH OF FOURTEEN!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

WE'RE HERE, MR. BRADLEY! WE'RE HERE!



LYS, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID...

SAY NOTHING, BOWEN! JUST GO, AND KNOW NOW WHERE MY HEART TRULY LIES!

RELIEVED AT THIS MOMENT, I TURNED FROM MY LOVE, AND DID THE ONE THING I KNEW I MUST DO.

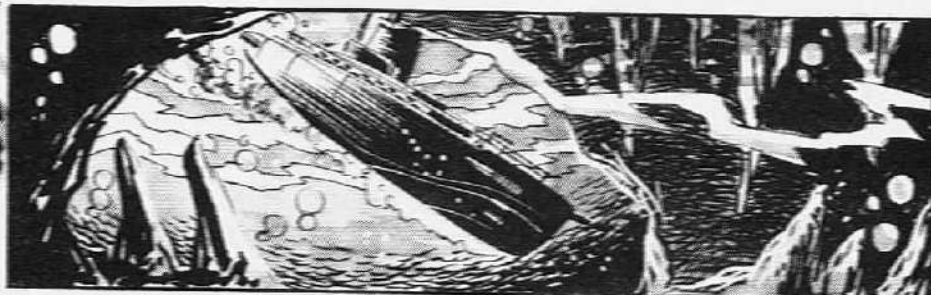
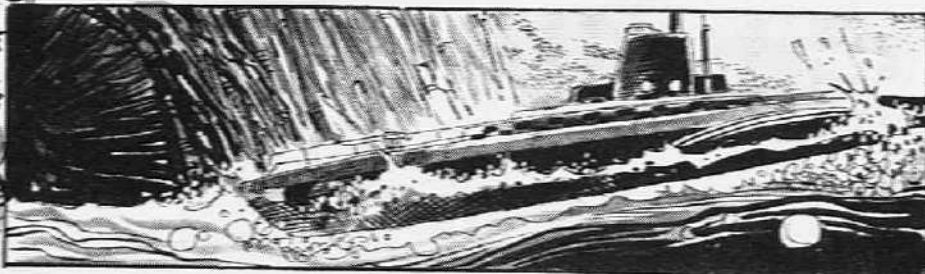


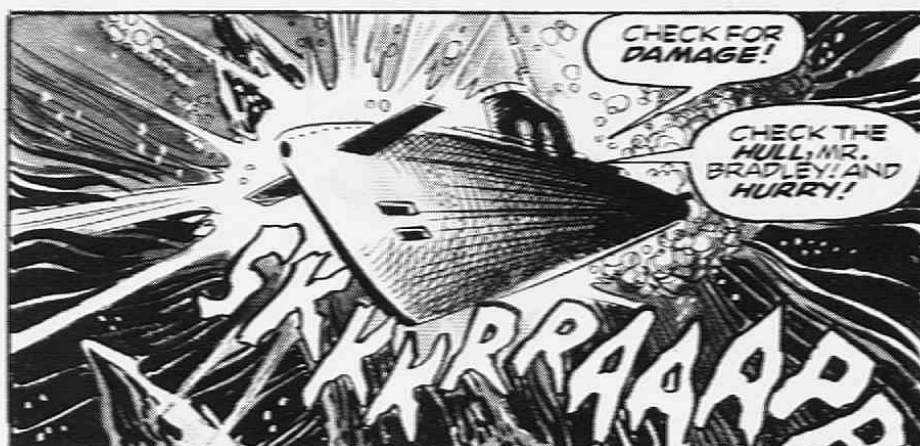
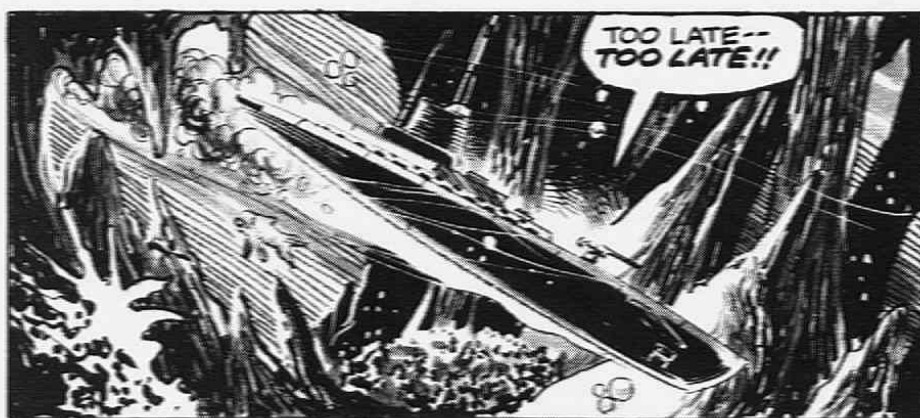


LOOK, OVER THERE--SOMETHING'S LAYING ON THE BEACH!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK!







WE WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF A BROAD AND NOW SLUGGISH RIVER, THE BANKS OF WHICH WERE LINED BY GIANT ARBORACEOUS FERNS, RAISING THEIR MIGHTY FRONDS FIFTY, ONE HUNDRED, TWO HUNDRED FEET INTO THE QUIET AIR.

ABOVE THE TREES THERE SOARED INTO OUR VISION A HUGE THING WITH BATLIKE WINGS--A CREATURE AS LARGE AS A WHALE, BUT FASHIONED MORE LIKE THE ORDER OF A LIZARD. TO ITS SIDE THERE FLEW ANOTHER SUCH THING.

INTO WHAT STRANGE LAND HAD FATE GUIDED US?

WHAT STRANGE BIRDS!

THEY AREN'T BIRDS, MR. BRADLEY-- THEY'RE PTERODACTYLS-- AND THEY'VE BEEN EXTINCT FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS!

VERY ASTUTE OBSERVATIONS, MISS LA RUE!

PERHAPS YOU FORGET, "CAPTAIN," BUT I AM A BIOLOGIST--AND A VERY GOOD ONE AT THAT!

AND THIS WORLD WE'VE FOUND OURSELVES IN--IT DEFIES ANY SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATIONS--

THIS ISLAND CALLED CAPRONA-- IS A LAND THAT TIME FORGOT!



IT WAS HORRIBLE...PERHAPS MORE HORRIBLE THAN ANYTHING I HAD EVER HAD THE MISFORTUNE OF SEEING BEFORE. PLESSER'S BODY WAS CRUSHED IN THE GIANT DINOSAUR'S MOUTH. RIBBONS OF BLOOD AND GUTS SPAT OUT FROM THE BROKEN BODY.









GENTLEMEN, IF YOU EXCUSE ME, I INTEND TO ANALYZE THESE SAMPLES FROM THIS RATHER REMARKABLE RIVER!



DO YOU THINK WE CAN TRUST HIM, MR. TYLER?

TRUST IN GOD, BUT KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY!



THE WATER'S ABSOLUTELY ALIVE! WHAT ARE THEY?

I CANNOT BE SURE! THEY RESEMBLE THE SPAWN OF FROGS, YET THEY ARE NOT QUITE LIKE ANYTHING I HAVE EVER SEEN BEFORE!

THEY SEEM ALMOST TO HAVE-- A PURPOSE!



GERMAN METAPHYSICS!

BRITISH EMPIRICISM, THEN--

BUT UNTIL WE FIND A STREAM OR POOL THAT IS FREE OF THEM...

...WE WILL HAVE NO DRINKABLE WATER!



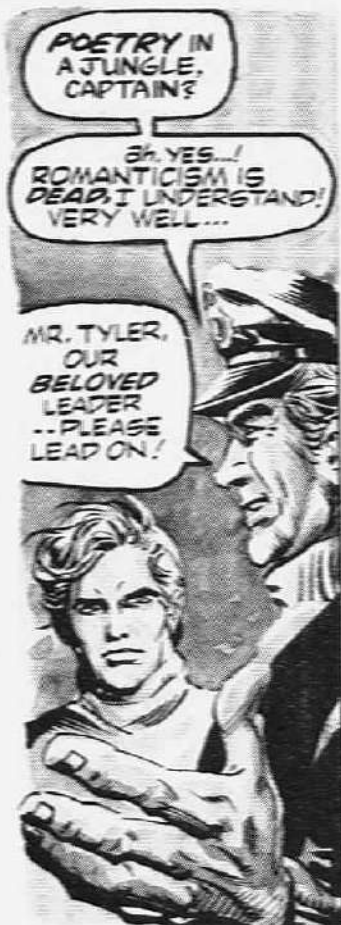
STOP ENGINES! WE'LL ANCHOR HERE!

MAKE READY TO LAND!



IT'S LIKE A GEOLOGIC EXHIBIT.. A WORLD OF LIFE OUTSIDE OF TIME...

...REPRESENTING ALMOST ALL THE AGES OF THE EARTH, TIMELESS, AND YET CONTAINING ALL ASPECTS OF TIME!



THESE THINGS, WHATEVER ON EARTH THEY WERE, HAD OBVIOUSLY NEVER HEARD A RIFLE SHOT BEFORE.

FOR AS MINE ACCIDENTALLY FIRED ITSELF, THEY SCREAMED IN HORROR AS IF THE GODS THEMSELVES WERE ABOUT TO COME DOWN ON THEM.

AND IN AN INSTANT, THEY WERE GONE, ALL SAVE THE ONE MY BULLET STRUCK.

TYLER! RUN! GET INTO THE TREES!

LEAVE THE BEAST ALONE, MAN!

I'LL GO FOR THE SPINE!

CAN'T! JUST FIRE AT IT -- SHOOT FOR THE HEART!

BLAM! BA-DAM! BAM! KWAM!

SPLAT! BLAM! BA-DAM!

THUNDER!

CAPRONA HAS DAMN LITTLE RESPECT FOR GUNS, MR. TYLER! IT TOOK NEARLY FOREVER TO KILL THE BLOODY THING, EH?

THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG WITH OUR SHOOTING GENTLEMEN!

THE BEAST SIMPLY DID NOT KNOW THAT IT WAS DEAD!

CREATURES SUCH AS THIS ALLOSAUROS ARE SO LARGE, AND THEIR NERVOUS SYSTEMS SO PRIMITIVE, THAT IT TAKES SEVERAL SECONDS FOR A MESSAGE TO REACH THE BRAIN!

CONSEQUENTLY, EVEN A FATAL WOUND DOES NOT STOP THEM INSTANTLY! AS YOUR SAYING HAS IT, GENTLEMEN, THIS BIG CHAP WAS "LATE FOR HIS OWN FUNERAL!"



THE BLASTED
THING'S CALLING
US GALU!
WHATEVER THE
HELL THAT MEANS!



I'M NOT SURE,
BUT I THINK HE'S
TELLING US THAT
HE'S A BO-LU,
WHILE WE'RE
GALU!



I DON'T KNOW IF WE
SHOULD BE INSULTED
OR WHAT!



HE SAYS HIS NAME
IS AHM, AND THAT
HE'S A BO-LU! MUST
BE HIS TRIBE!

OKAY, COME ON--
LET'S MOVE
ONWARDS NOW--
SOUTH!



SEEMS OUR FRIEND
HERE *DOESN'T* LIKE
THE IDEA OF GOING
SOUTH!

NOT THAT
IT *MATTERS*
MUCH!

LET'S
MOVE ON!



TYLER!



NO! DON'T
SHOOT! I HAVE
A *BETTER*
IDEA!

ONE WHICH SHOULD
MAKE HIM *CO-*
OPERATE WITH
US!

STAND
BACK,
THEN!





IT WAS A CHANCE, BUT ONE WHICH WE PRAYED WOULD COME TRUE. BRADLEY SHOWED AHM SOME OF OUR OIL... OUR LAST REMAINING BARRELFUL. AND OUR FRIEND RECOGNIZED IT. OUR HOPES WERE ANSWERED. THERE WAS OIL HERE.

THE NEXT MORNING WE SET OUT ON OUR WAY WITH AHM AS OUR GUIDE. A JOURNEY LADEN WITH POSSIBLE HORRORS, BUT STILL A JOURNEY THAT HAD TO BE TAKEN.



STO-LU!
STO-LU! AHM
BO-LU COS!

WHAT'S WRONG
WITH HIM? WHY
WOULDN'T HE MOVE?

I THINK HE'S
SAID THAT HE'S
A BO-LU AND
CAN'T GO
BEYOND THIS
POINT!

THAT IS FOR
STO-LU'S
ONLY!



I'LL GET HIM
TO MOVE!



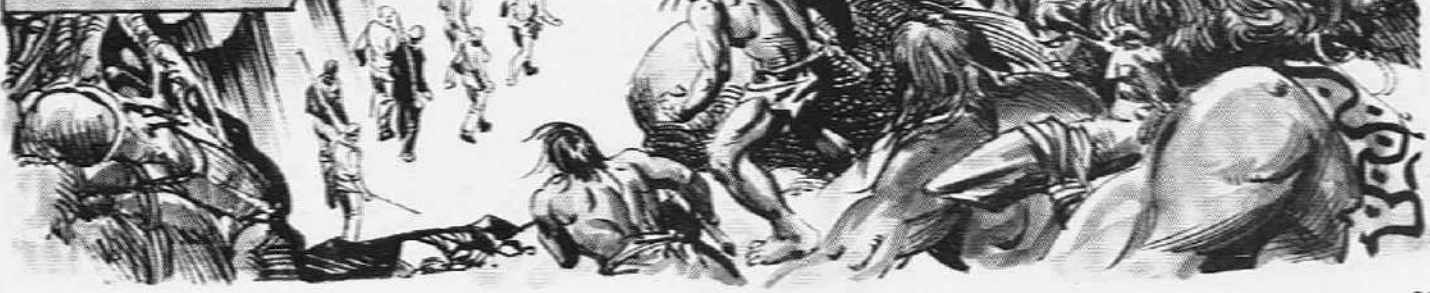
NOTHING LIKE
FEAR, IS THERE?

PERHAPS
FOR YOUR
KIND, NO!

BUT FOR
CIVILIZED
PEOPLE...



RELUCTANTLY AT BEST, AHM CONTINUED TO GUIDE US ON OUR PATH. FOR HOURS WE TRAMPED OUR WAY THROUGH THE INCREDIBLE JUNGLE. NEVER BEFORE IN ALL MY TRAVELS HAD I SEEN SUCH A PLACE AS THIS. THE COLORS OF THE FOREST ASTOUNDED ME... AND AS DETERMINED AS I WAS TO REACH MY GOAL, I SILENTLY HOPED THIS MAGNIFICENT ISLAND COULD BE MINE FOREVER. LATER, I REGRETTED THAT FLEETING THOUGHT.



HOURS LATER A DARK CURTAIN SEEMED TO DRAPE ITSELF ABOUT THE LAND AS NIGHT FELL, NOT SLOWLY AS IT DOES IN CALIFORNIA, BUT SUDDENLY, LIGHT ONE MOMENT, DARK THE VERY NEXT.



IN THE SKY COULD BE HEARD THE CAWING OF BIRD-LIKE CREATURES WINGING OVERHEAD. ON THE GROUND, IN THE DISTANCE, THE LION-LIKE GROWLING OF SLEEPING PREDATORS.

THAT WAS ALL THAT WAS HEARD, UNTIL THE ATTACK CAME...AS SUDDENLY AS THE NIGHT ON CAPRONA.



THESE MUST HAVE BEEN THE STO-LU, FOR THEY WERE MORE ADVANCED IN FORM THAN AHM. INDEED, THEY SEEMED ALMOST TO BE THE VERY NEXT STAGE IN THE EVOLUTION OF MAN.

BUT THEY FOUGHT AS SAVAGELY AS ANY UNCIVILIZED MAN, AS WILDLY AS ANY CORNERED ANIMAL.

AND THERE SEEMED TO BE NO END TO THEM.



I FIRED MY GUN ONCE, TWICE, A THIRD AND FOURTH TIME, BUT THEY CAME ON AND ON IN ENDLESS WAVES.

IT WAS ONLY AFTER MANY OF THEM DIED BENEATH OUR GUNS DID THEY LOSE THEIR COURAGE AND FLEE INTO THE SWELLING BLACKNESS OF THE JUNGLE WHERE THEY WERE LOST FROM US FOR ALL TIME.











TRICERTOPS...
OF THE CRETACEOUS
PERIOD! BUT
THEY'RE LONG
EXTINCT!

THERE'S A
SECRET TO
THIS ISLAND,
MR. TYLER--
SOMETHING
WE HAVEN'T
BEEN ABLE TO
FATHOM AS
YET!

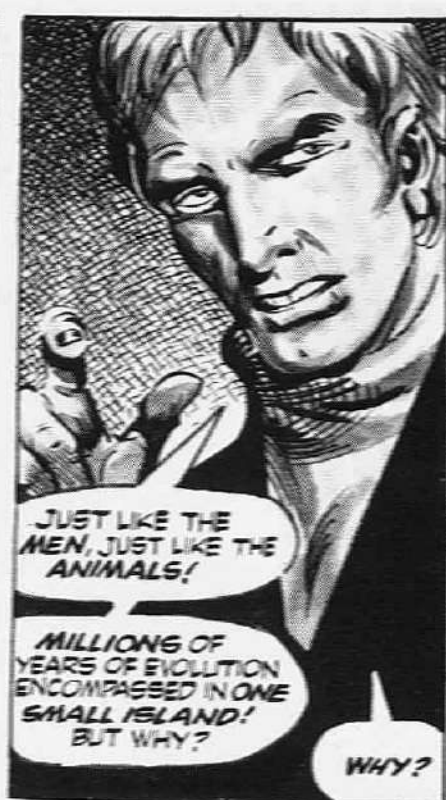
AND I FEAR THAT
WHETHER WE LIVE
OR DIE--STAY OR
LEAVE--MAY
DEPEND ON WHAT
THAT SECRET IS!



I'D SAY THIS
CAN BE
REFINED!

IT'S THE SAME
PROBLEM WE
HAD BEFORE!
CREATURES
AT EVERY STAGE
OF CELL
DEVELOPMENT!

WHAT ABOUT
THE WATER
WE GOT FROM
THE STREAM?



JUST LIKE THE
MEN, JUST LIKE THE
ANIMALS!

MILLIONS OF
YEARS OF EVOLUTION
ENCOMPASSED IN ONE
SMALL ISLAND!
BUT WHY?

WHY?

THE NEXT MORNING WAS SPENT BUILDING
THE CAMPGROUND. EVERY MAN CHIPPED IN AS
BEST THEY COULD, AND SLOWLY, EVER SO
SLOWLY, OUR GROUNDS WERE SHAPING UP...



WHAT DO YOU
MAKE OF THIS...
LYS...MISS
LA RUE?

AND... THE
STREAM FLOWS
FROM THE
NORTH!

THE FARTHER WE
GO UPSTREAM, THE
FEWER THE ORGANISMS
SEEM TO BE... ALSO,
THE SIMPLER!



THEN...?

PERHAPS...
PERHAPS!





WE DECIDED TO SPLIT OUR CHORES FOR THE DAY. AND I TOOK SEVERAL OF MY PEOPLE WITH ME-- TO HUNT FOR FOOD.

EACH DAY WE HAVE TO GO FURTHER UPSTREAM TO FIND FOOD!

WHICH IS WHY I CAME, BOWEN!

THE FURTHER UPSTREAM WE GO, THE CLOSER WE'LL BE TO THE SOURCE OF LIFE ON CAPRONA!

I'M SURE OF IT!



THIS IS ALMOST A PARADISE!

ALMOST DOESN'T COUNT, MR. BRADLEY!

AND FROM WHAT WE'VE ALREADY GONE THROUGH... THIS IS PROBABLY CLOSER TO HELL!



QUIET I HEAR VOICES-- AHEAD OF US!

THERE MAY BE MORE SAVAGES WAITING!



LOOK AT THE POOL -- WHERE THE WATER FLOWS DOWN TO THE RIVER!

I THINK THAT'S HOW LIFE BEGINS ON CAPRONA!

EGGS WHICH FLOW INTO THE RIVER OF LIFE... AND DEVELOP THROUGH EVERY STAGE OF EVOLUTION... UNTIL THEY REACH WHAT THEY ARE MEANT TO BECOME!



NONE OF US BELIEVED AHM WHEN HE SAID HE WOULD CHANGE! BUT THAT'S THE SECRET OF CAPRONA! EVERY CREATURE MUST LAY EGGS IN JUST THAT WAY--



THE SCENE WAS MAD CARNAGE--
BLOOD FLOWED EVERYWHERE, BUT
WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, ONLY TWO
OF US WERE LEFT ALIVE...

FOR BENSON,
SINCLAIR, AND THEN
WHITELEY, HAD DIED.

MAY THEIR SOULS
REST IN HEAVEN.



THERE IS NO WAY TO DESCRIBE WHAT HAPPENED
NEXT, BUT AHH! IF INDEED THIS WAS AHH! WAS
ATTACKED... LIFTED FROM WHERE HE STOOD BY
THE FLYING CREATURE LYS HAD EARLIER CALLED
A PTERODACTYL.

AND I STOOD
HELPLESSLY
WATCHING.



TOO MUCH HAD HAPPENED TOO
QUICKLY FOR ME TO
COMPREHEND, BUT SUDDENLY I
KNEW A PART OF ME HAD
DISAPPEARED...

FOR, AS I TURNED
AWAY FROM THE FLEEING
PTERODACTYL, I SAW
MY DARLING LYS
CARRIED INTO THE
THICKENING BRUSH BY
THE SAVAGES.

I SWORE THEN AND THERE THAT I
WOULD GO ANYWHERE... DO ANYTHING
-- SLAY ANYONE... TO GET BACK THE
WOMAN I LOVED.

AND WITH A
BLOOD-CURDLING
SCREAM, I RAN
AFTER THE
FLEEING FIGURES.





LET ME GO! PLEASE,
LET ME GO!



EXHAUSTED, I FINALLY REACHED
THE STO-LU ENCAMPMENT... BUT
IN TIME TO SEE MY FAR LYS
THRUST INTO THE POSITION OF
BEING THE PRIZE IN A MAD
CONTEST.

TWO STO-LU
FACED EACH
OTHER, CLUBS
IN HAND...
READY TO
BEGIN THEIR
BATTLE.



THE DUEL
DONE, I TOOK
CAREFUL AIM
AT THE
VICTOR AS HE
TOD
GLEEFULLY
TOWARDS HIS
PRIZE...
TOWARDS MY
LOVE.

I PULLED ON
THE TRIGGER,
AND WAITED
FOR THE
EXPLOSION.



BUT THERE
WAS NONE.

MY GUN WAS
EMPTY!

THE WORLD
SUDDENLY
CRASHED IN ON
ME. I WAS
DEFENSELESS...
AND THE STO-LU
HAD SEEN ME.

IN A MOMENT THEY WOULD HAVE A
SECOND CAPTIVE. BUT I WAS
DETERMINED TO SEE LYS FREE.

AND SO
TO
CONFUSE
THEM...I
CLIMBERED
DOWN THE
ROCKY HILL
TOWARDS
THEM.



RUN, LYS--I'LL
STEER THEM AWAY
FROM YOU!

BOWEN!

DON'T TALK--
JUST RUN!



LYS!

I SHOUTED FOR HER, BUT IT WAS TOO
LATE. SHE DISAPPEARED INTO A ROCKY
CHASM WITH A SAVAGE STO-LU
FOLLOWING CLOSELY BEHIND.

I HAD TO FIND HER
...TO HELP HER.



THE STO-LU WERE EITHER CRUSHED BY THE MASSIVE ROCKS HURLED DOWN AT THEM, OR FORDING THE RIVER IN WHICH THEY FELL.

BUT I MADE MY WAY BACK TO THE CAMPGROUNDS AND THE JUNGLE THROUGH WHICH LYS HAD RUN JUST MOMENTS BEFORE WHEN I HEARD...



AS LYS TRIED TO REACH THE VINE I THREW HER, HER STO-LU MAN PULLED HER FROM IT, TRYING TO SAVE HIMSELF.



I STRUGGLED TO HOLD ONTO THE TREE ROOT I HAD ATTACHED MYSELF TO. AND WITH ALL THE MIGHT LEFT IN MY ACHING BODY, I PULLED.



IT SEEMED AN ETERNITY LATER WHEN MY FEET AT LONG LAST TOUCHED DRY LAND.

I CLUTCHED LYS CLOSE, GRATEFUL THAT WE HAD SURVIVED OUR GRIM ORDEAL. WE HEARD SHUFFLING NOISES BEHIND US, AND MUCH TO OUR REGRET, WE TURNED.



TOWARDS OUR DEATHS!



THE LAST BARREL HAS BEEN FILLED! WE'VE A STOCK OF FOOD AND WATER ABOARD!

WE CAN LEAVE TOMORROW!

BOWEN IS NOT BACK YET! NEITHER ARE THE OTHERS!

ENGLISH AND AMERICANS!

NEVERTHELESS, WE WAIT!



HOW LONG, SIR?

UNTIL THEY RETURN!

AND IF THEY DON'T?



WE'LL SEE! WE'LL SEE!



BOTU! I HAD HEARD AMU USE THAT WORD ONCE BEFORE.

GA-LU!

GALLU--! BOTU!

AND IT MEANT DEATH!

THE CHIEF OF THIS TRIBE HAD ORDERED OUR DEATHS, AND TWO ROWS OF BAND-LU WARRIORS WERE ONLY TOO PLEASED TO CARRY OUT THE SENTENCE.

I HELD LYS CLOSE TO ME, WAITING TO MEET OUR ENDS TOGETHER, WHEN...

...THE EARTH HEAVED...THE GROUND BELOW US SHOOK VIOLENTLY...THROWING LYS AND I HELPLESSLY ASIDE.

THE BAND-LU, SUPERSTITIOUS AS THEY WERE, SCREAMED IN PANIC.



UNDoubtedly, THEY MUST HAVE THOUGHT US GODS... GODS SEEKING VENGEANCE FOR THEIR TREATMENT OF US.

THEY FLED IN PANIC, DROPPING THEIR WEAPONS AS THEY RAN, AND I TURNED TO GRAB LYS... TO HURRY US BACK TO THE SUBMARINE!

FOR THE WORLD SHOOK BENEATH US... FIRE COVERED THE SKY --AND I HAD TO TAKE LYS TO SAFETY, BUT...



WE CANNOT WAIT ANY LONGER, CAPTAIN! AT LEAST, LET US BOARD THE SHIP!

VERY WELL, LIEUTENANT DEITZ! CALL YOUR MEN TOGETHER!



FOR, EVEN IF THEY ARE OUT THERE, THERE IS NO WAY THEY COULD EVER RETURN!

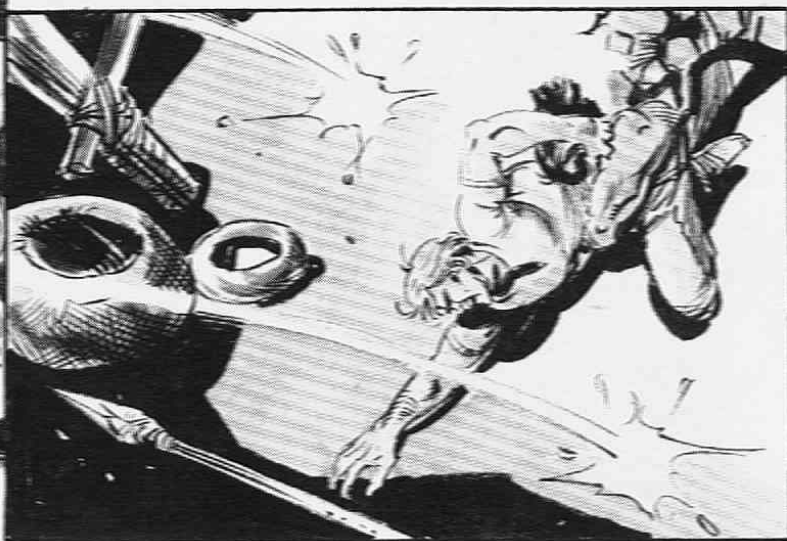
NOT THROUGH THE FIRE!



THE BAND-LU CHIEFTAIN
STOOD BEFORE US, SPEAR
IN HAND; HIS WARRIORS
FLED, PROVING THEMSELVES
LITTLE MORE THAN
CHILDREN.

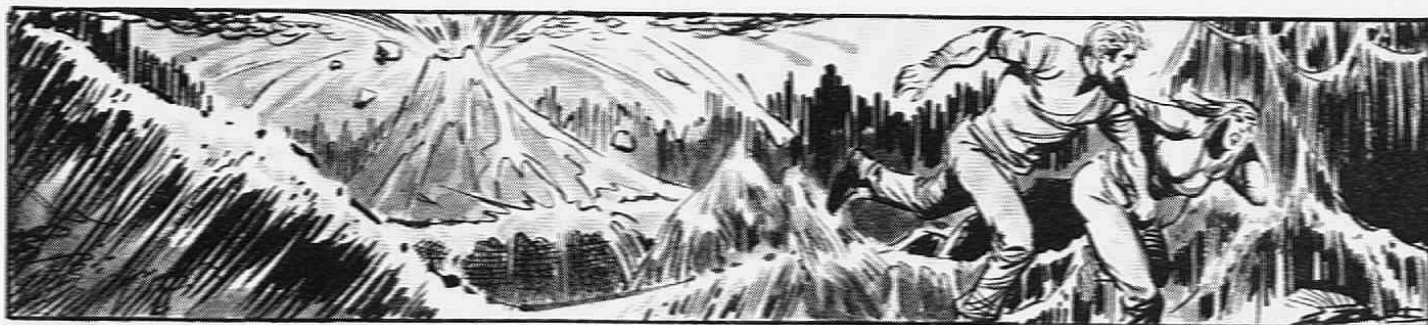
BUT HE WOULD
NOT PANIC AT
THE FIRE RAINING
DOWN UPON US.
HE HAD TO BE A
TRUE WARRIOR.

HE WAS A FOOL.



LET'S GET
OUT OF
HERE!

THIS IS NO PLACE
FOR ANYONE TO
BE!



THE WORLD WAS RED ABOUT US, FIRE MADLY SPURTED HIGH INTO THE AIR, AS LYS AND I RACED BACK TO THE SUBMARINE.



OH!

LYS!

AND AS WE RAN, I PRAYED THAT IT WAS STILL THERE WAITING FOR US.



HOW LONG DO WE GIVE THEM, COMMANDER BRADLEY?

AS LONG AS WE HAVE TO CAPTAIN!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THE LAKE, CAPTAIN...



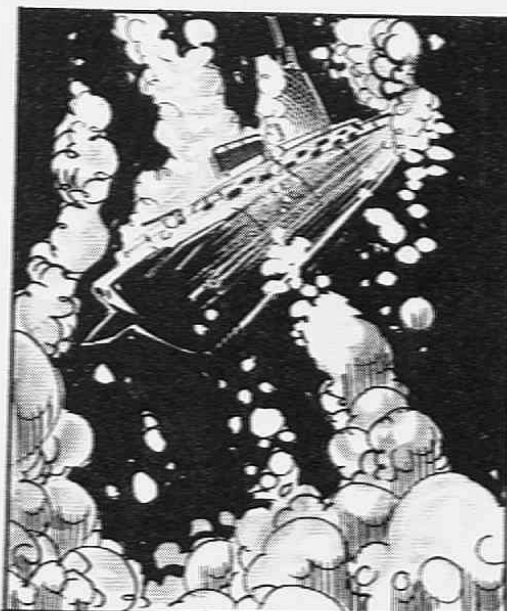
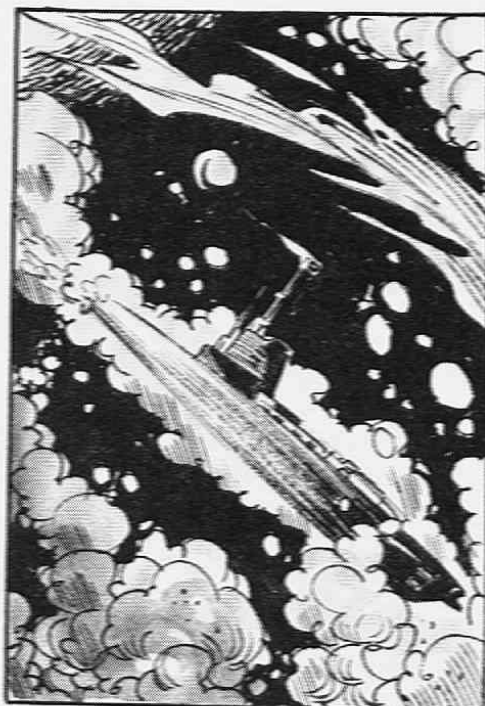
IT'S GETTING WORSE EVERY MINUTE!

IF WE STAY MUCH LONGER...

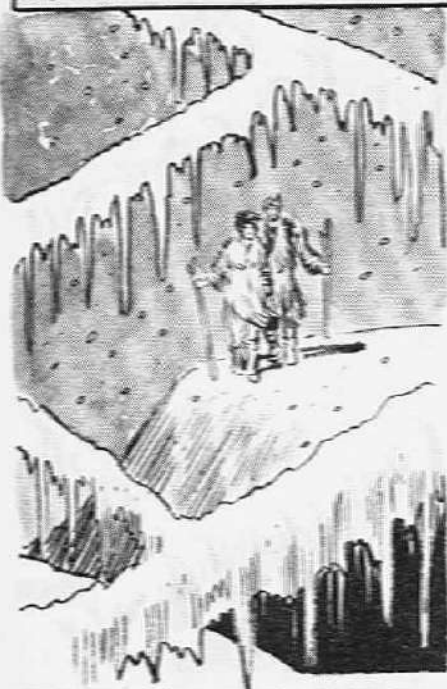
WE WAIT, DEITZ! WE WAIT!







WITH THE SINKING OF THE SUBMARINE, ALL OUR HOPES OF EVER GETTING AWAY FROM CAPRONA HAD DISAPPEARED.



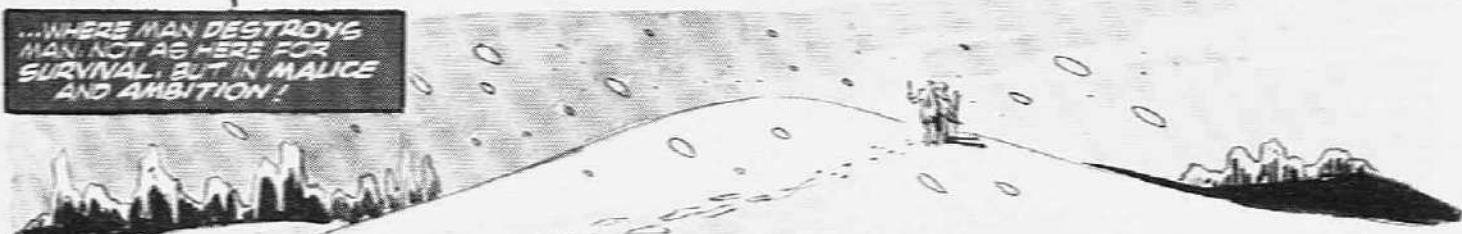
IT WAS NOW JUST LYS AND I UNARMED AGAINST THIS TERRIFYING LAND OF MONSTERS AND PRIMEVAL MEN, A LAND THAT IS A BIOLOGICAL WONDER... A LIVING RECORD OF THE EARTH'S LONG HISTORY.



LYS AND I LOVE EACH OTHER DEARLY, AND TOGETHER WE HAVE SURVIVED FOR HALF A YEAR IN THE PLACE, WHICH PERHAPS IS NO WORSE THAN THE SO-CALLED CIVILIZED WORLD OUTSIDE...



...WHERE MAN DESTROYS MAN, NOT AS HERE FOR SURVIVAL, BUT IN MALICE AND AMBITION!



WE ARE MAN AND WIFE, AND WE ARE CONTENT. IF GOD WILLS IT, WE SHALL LIVE OUR LIVES HERE. IF HE WILLS OTHERWISE, THEN THIS MANUSCRIPT WHICH I SHALL NOW CONSIGN TO THE INSCRUTABLE FORCES OF THE SEA SHALL FALL INTO FRIENDLY HANDS. HOWEVER, WE ARE EACH WITHOUT HOPE, AND SO WE SAY GOODBYE IN THIS, OUR LAST MESSAGE TO THE WORLD BEYOND THE BARRIER CLIFFS.

SIGNED: Bowen J. Tyler, Jr., Lys Lar Tyler

THE late Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote so very many Lost Race romances that it is sometimes hard to remember then that he did not, after all, invent the genre. Of the many he published, **THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT** is beyond question the most original, imaginative and entertaining.

To phrase it briefly, you might say that a Lost Race story is one of those yarns where explorers from the modern world penetrate into some forgotten corner of the globe and find there, still going strong, survivors of some ancient civilization like Egypt or Atlantis. Over a generation before Burroughs was born, such stories were pouring out from the presses of Britain and America. Sir Henry Rider Haggard, an English lawyer-turned-fictioneer, enormously popularized the genre, if not actually invented it.

Haggard's first and most colossal success in the genre was with the famous novel, **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**, which he wrote on a bet back in 1885. This was the time when the reading public was all agog over Robert Louis Stevenson and his splendidly exciting new best-seller, **TREASURE ISLAND**. On the train to London with his brother, Haggard was disparaging the novel, saying he could write one better out of much the same materials with one hand tied behind his back, or words to that effect. "Bet you can't," snorted his brother; "Bet I can," affirmed Haggard. They made the bet. And he did.

A lot of writers make a big hit with their first novel, but lack the staying-power to stick with it. The author of **GONE WITH THE WIND** is an example of this. Either the writer works from a purely money-earning

LOST RACES, FORGOTTEN CITIES

By LIN CARTER







motive and stops when the supply of spondulix is sufficient, or had only one good book in him anyway. Haggard made a pile from the success of *KING SOLOMON'S MINES*, but proved himself a real writer when he followed that book with another, even better and even bigger, the immortal *SHE*. Thereafter, although rolling in the British equivalent of greenbacks, he turned them out year after year—*ALLAN QUATERMAIN*, *CLEOPATRA*, *THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST*, and so on. After his death, so far did he work ahead of his perspiring publishers, new books bearing the famous byline continued to appear seasonally for five years.

Almost all of Haggard's major fantastic romances are Lost Race stories, although he wrote a number of more mundane adventure stories and historicals and what-not. He exploited the interesting thesis of the living survival of a vanished empire so thoroughly that you would have thought he had worked it to death by the time he made his final journey into mystery. Perhaps, after all, he had. But you would never know it from the career of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Now it is not my intention to make it sound as if Burroughs was a mere imitator. He wrote with enough

verve and color and gusto to supply twenty other novelists for a lifetime, and ended up with a good dozen or so other writers imitating *him*. But there isn't much question that he had read Haggard closely, admired him, and set out to do the same. He was not the first to imitate Haggard, for many other writers got there before him or around the same time—Doyle with *THE LOST WORLD* and *THE MARACOT DEEP*; A. Merritt with *THE MOON POOL* and *DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE*; Harold Lamb with *MARCHING SANDS* and James Hilton with *LOST HORIZON*. However, the fact that his most popular series was *Tarzan of the Apes*, and that the scene of the *Tarzan* books was Africa, and that Africa had been the scene of most of Haggard's most successful novels, and that the major factor most of Haggard's more successful African romances had in common was the Lost Race theme, well, these facts added up to a formula that was just too fool-proof to be resisted.

Therefore, in novel after novel, *Tarzan* encounters lost city after lost city, until, with so many lost cities cluttering up the landscape, it's a wonder Africa has any room left over for just plain jungle. In the twenty-five *Tarzan* books, the Lord of the Jungle visits a lost



city full of degenerate survivors of the deluge which destroyed Atlantis, two cities full of Amazons, two more which turn out to be lost colonies of ancient Rome, and even a city full of Crusaders and a neighboring metropolis which turns out to be chock-full of Saracens. By the end of the series, having nearly exhausted the list of ancient civilizations to employ in this manner, Burroughs sent Tarzan out to an island in the Pacific which was a last surviving outpost of the Mayans.

LOTS of other writers got in on the Lost Race bandwagon, too, and vied to outdo each other with more and more unlikely civilizations yet lingering on in the remote Himalayas, beneath the Sahara, or under the ice at the South Pole. While lost colonies of Rome and Atlantis proved in the long run to be the most popular gimmick, Baroness Orczy presented us with a lost city of ancient Egyptians in *The Gates of Kamt* (1907). James Paul Kelly with a lost city full of Aztecs—living in the Grand Canyon, of all places!—in *Prince Izon* (1910), Gilbert Collins with a batch of Macedonians left over from the wars of Alexander the Great and currently holed up in China in *The Valley of Eyes Unseen* (1923), and Edgar Jepson with a forgotten out-

post of ancient Carthage in *The Moon Gods* (1930). Other writers spun yarns of lost cities filled with Incas, Phoenicians, Babylonians, remnants of the Twelve Lost Tribes of the Hebrews, and, in a novel called *The Lost Ones*, Ian Cameron has a colony of Vikings living at the North Pole. Recently filmed by Walt Disney, under the title of *The Island at the Top of the World*, the novel lost nothing by way of excitement, suspense or entertainment in the course of its translation from one medium to another.

I once made up a list of all the more prominent of the ancient civilizations of antiquity and maintained it for years, striking each one off as I found a Lost Race romance in which a colony of that civilization was somewhere discovered by intrepid explorers. Finally I was down to one civilization, ancient Sumeria. No one, thought I, as the years passed by, seems to have ever written a lost race story about a surviving colony of the ancient Sumerians: therefor, I will write the yarn myself.

But someone had: Robert E. Howard, of all people. In 1930, he wrote a ten-thousand-word adventure yarn for *Oriental Stories* called "The Voice of El-Lil" in which a band of intrepid explorers find a lost city of



Sumerians in the over-crowded jungles of Africa (wonder how Tarzan missed finding that one?); all of which explains why I have never written a Lost Race story of my own—there's nobody left that hasn't already been discovered! (Actually, I did write one a while back: it was called *The Valley Where Time Stood Still* and was published by Doubleday in 1974. Unable to find a Lost Race which hadn't already been used, I took my hero to Mars and had him uncover a lost valley of Martians! How's that for ingenuity?)

ALL of which brings us to the question: if Burroughs or Haggard didn't invent the Lost Race story, then who did? That was a tough question to find an answer to; strive as I did, the earliest Lost Race novels I could find were still *King Solomon's Mines* (1885) and *She* (1886), and the first one written by someone whose name wasn't H. Rider Haggard was *The Aztec Treasure House* by Thomas Janvier (1890).

But you know, when you stop to think about the problem, it seems fairly obvious that the Lost Race story itself is nothing more than a recent variant on an old theme, that of the explorer from the everyday world who stumbles upon a curious and hitherto unknown country full of wonders. That kind of story arose in the age of the Tudors, when English buccaners and merchant ships and explorers were opening up the New World. And it is essentially the kind of story that Jonathan Swift wrote in *Gulliver's Travels* (1726) and, even earlier, Sir Thomas More in *Utopia* (1516). The only real difference between those novels and legitimate Lost Race yarns lies in the fact that Lilliput or Brobdingnab or Utopia are made-up civilizations, instead of being survivors of actual historical countries or peoples.

Somewhere, in the long history of the fantastic adventure story, there had to be a connecting link between the Utopian romance and the Lost Race yarn. And so there is. It's a novel called *Gaudentio di Lucca*, written in 1735 by a British clergyman named Simon Berington. In that book a traveller finds a lost valley in North Africa called Mezzoramia, where surviving descendants of a party of Egyptians who ventured there three thousand years before are still living.

While the essential plot elements of *Gaudentia di Lucca* are genuinely Lost Race, the tone and argument of the novel is more Utopian than not. Hence the his-

torian of the magazine era, Sam Moskowitz, informs me that he considers it to be "probably the link between the Utopian story and the genuine Lost Race story, one of the last Utopias written to edify and to criticize society and perhaps the first of the Lost Race stories written to entertain." I appreciate the help of Sam Moskowitz in resolving this problem.

Incidentally, the narrative structure of *Gaudentio* is interesting: the story is gasped out between spells of torture by the traveller himself to the priests of the Spanish Inquisition. At the end of the story, the reader is left with the impression that the Inquisition is thinking about going to Mezzoramia in order to wean the poor, benighted Mezzoramians away from their grievously heretical notions. Which gives me a dandy idea: how about a Lost Race yarn in which an explorer from the everyday worlds of 1975 finds a lost colony of Mezzoramia hiding out in Tibet or somewhere, having fled to that remote spot to escape being burned alive by the Spanish Inquisition?

A promising idea for a book: I just might write it someday...

WHEN he came around to composing *The Land that Time Forgot*, Burroughs obviously resolved to do something new and different with the Lost Race romance. After all, in his Tarzan stories he had already cluttered up the map of Africa with lost cities filled with Romans, Carthaginians, Crusaders, Amazons, Egyptians, Saracens, and Atlanteans. What could he do that was exciting, different, and—new?

He seems to have found the source of his inspirations in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's marvelous old romance, *The Lost World*. That durable old yarn, published in 1912, was still pretty new and lively stuff to Burroughs, whose *Land That Time Forgot* was written less than six years after the original publication of the Doyle classic.

In that story, the famous creator of Sherlock Holmes had his explorer, Professor Challenger, find an un-mapped plateau in the South American Andes mountains still inhabited by Jurassic dinosaurs and (with a fine, careless, high-handed contempt for geological time) by the grunting Neanderthaloid forebears of modern man, who themselves date from the early Pleistocene. A rousing yarn—an adventure classic twice filmed and twice imitated in films—it was the best of the Haggard-influenced books before Merritt and Burroughs, and the most successful written before the publication of *Lost Horizon*.

But Burroughs was not content merely to imitate the most successful imitation of Haggard. In *The Land That Time Forgot* he dreamed up something totally new and different, and something which nobody—not nobody, not nowhere, not nohow!—had ever done before.

The novel began serialization in *Blue Book* magazine in three parts, starting with the issue dated August, 1918. Actually, it wasn't presented as a serial but as three short novels, titled *The Land That Time Forgot*, *The People That Time Forgot*, and *Out of Time's Abyss*. By October of 1918 all three parts had appeared in print; shortly thereafter the book edition was published, in which the three short novels had been put together into one big one under the overall title of *The Land That Time Forgot*.

The first readers of this remarkable adventure mas-

terpiece must have been thrilled by the highly original concept of Caspak—a lost world like Doyle's, but with a difference—where evolution has run wild, and individuals in their own lifetime retrace the major stages of man's rise from beasthood. It's quite an idea; and with the appearance of this book, Edgar Rice Burroughs made a name for himself in the annals of science fiction.

He had already, by this time, made his name in the adventure story field and in the genre of the Lost Race novel. But the new idea he employed in the crafting of *The Land That Time Forgot* is not an adventure story idea, nor even a fantastic romance idea, but, purely and simply, a science fiction idea. And Burroughs was the first to think of it, or, at least, the first to use it in a story.

Now the historians and critics of popular magazine literature have always been rather uneasy with Edgar Rice Burroughs, and have never known quite what to do with him. It's not so much that the famous creator of Tarzan of the Apes is a bad or even an indifferent or mediocre writer, because actually he isn't at all: within the scope of what he was attempting, he was a very good writer with many excellences. And, as the creator of Tarzan, he fits neatly into the sort of tailor-made niche into which literary historians like to be able

to put writers. He was a master of the jungle adventure yarn, they would say.

That was good enough for Burroughs the jungle adventure yarn writer, but what about Burroughs the creator of John Carter of Mars, David Innes of Pellucidar, and Carson Napier of Venus? *That's* where the historians were unhappy with Burroughs: the author of the Mars and Venus and inner-Earth novels ought, by all rights, to fit neatly into the niche reserved for science fiction writers. But, somehow or other, nobody has ever felt very comfortable with the idea of Burroughs as a science fiction writer.

The trouble lies in a matter of tone and style. While there are science fiction gadgets aplenty in these three series—the mechanical mole in *At the Earth's Core*, the brain-transplanting in *The Mastermind of Mars*, the rocket ship in *Carson of Venus*—not to mention the Barsoomian airships and radium rifles—the whole tone and style of these stories was wrong when you attempt to think of them as science fiction. They have too much mystery and exotic marvel, too much adventure and romance and melodrama and suspense, and not enough hard science. And they just don't *sound* like science fiction!

But the appearance in print in 1918 of *The Land That Time Forgot* put an end to the fussing and fretting. Be-



cause that novel is, in everything from the basic conception to the finished writing of it, a work of nothing else but science fiction. True, it's a special form of science fiction, science fiction crossed with the primeval jungle adventure yarn and with the Lost Race romance, but, still and all, it's science fiction.

Not only that, but *great* science fiction, to boot. For, with this spectacularly imaginative novel, Burroughs not only carved himself a niche in the ranks of early science fiction writers, but made a place for himself in the same rank as Jules Verne and H.G. Wells.

He was later to write yet other remarkable science fiction novels, such as *The Moon Maid*, with its brilliant picture of a future America returned to savagery, and *Beyond the Farthest Star*, which predicts interstellar travel. With these novels he was to further consolidate his place among the great pioneering science fiction writers, and to cement his claim to fame as one of the very best of them all.

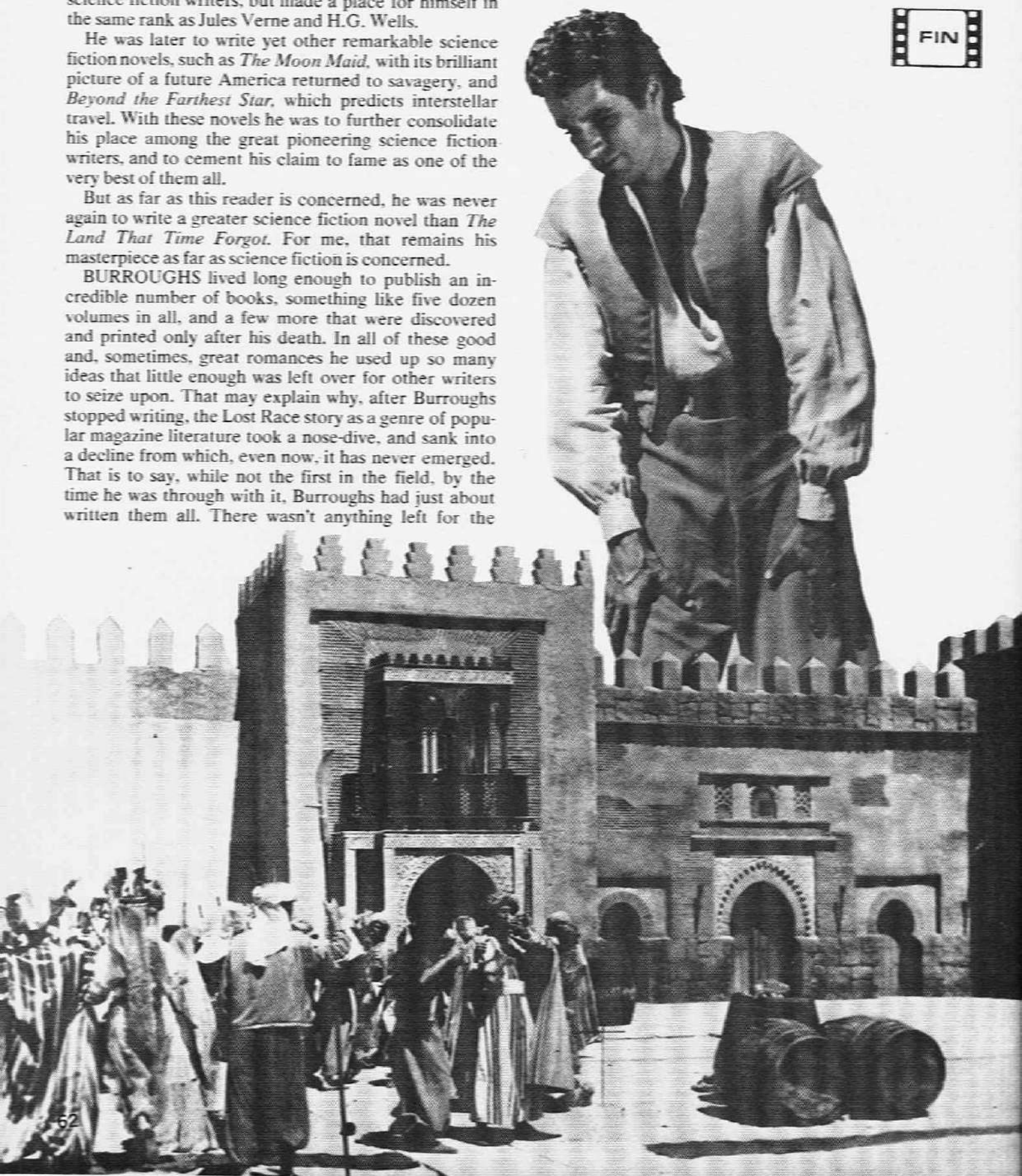
But as far as this reader is concerned, he was never again to write a greater science fiction novel than *The Land That Time Forgot*. For me, that remains his masterpiece as far as science fiction is concerned.

BURROUGHS lived long enough to publish an incredible number of books, something like five dozen volumes in all, and a few more that were discovered and printed only after his death. In all of these good and, sometimes, great romances he used up so many ideas that little enough was left over for other writers to seize upon. That may explain why, after Burroughs stopped writing, the Lost Race story as a genre of popular magazine literature took a nose-dive, and sank into a decline from which, even now, it has never emerged. That is to say, while not the first in the field, by the time he was through with it, Burroughs had just about written them all. There wasn't anything left for the

other guys to write about, when they came along.

Guys like me, that is. But there *is* that idea about a lost colony of Mezzoramians, surviving in a remote Himalayan valley after the Spanish Inquisition had wiped out their ancient homeland...

I may write that one yet! At least, Burroughs never got to the idea before me. But then, Burroughs probably didn't have a friend like Sam Moskowitz to put him onto it.



EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS'

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

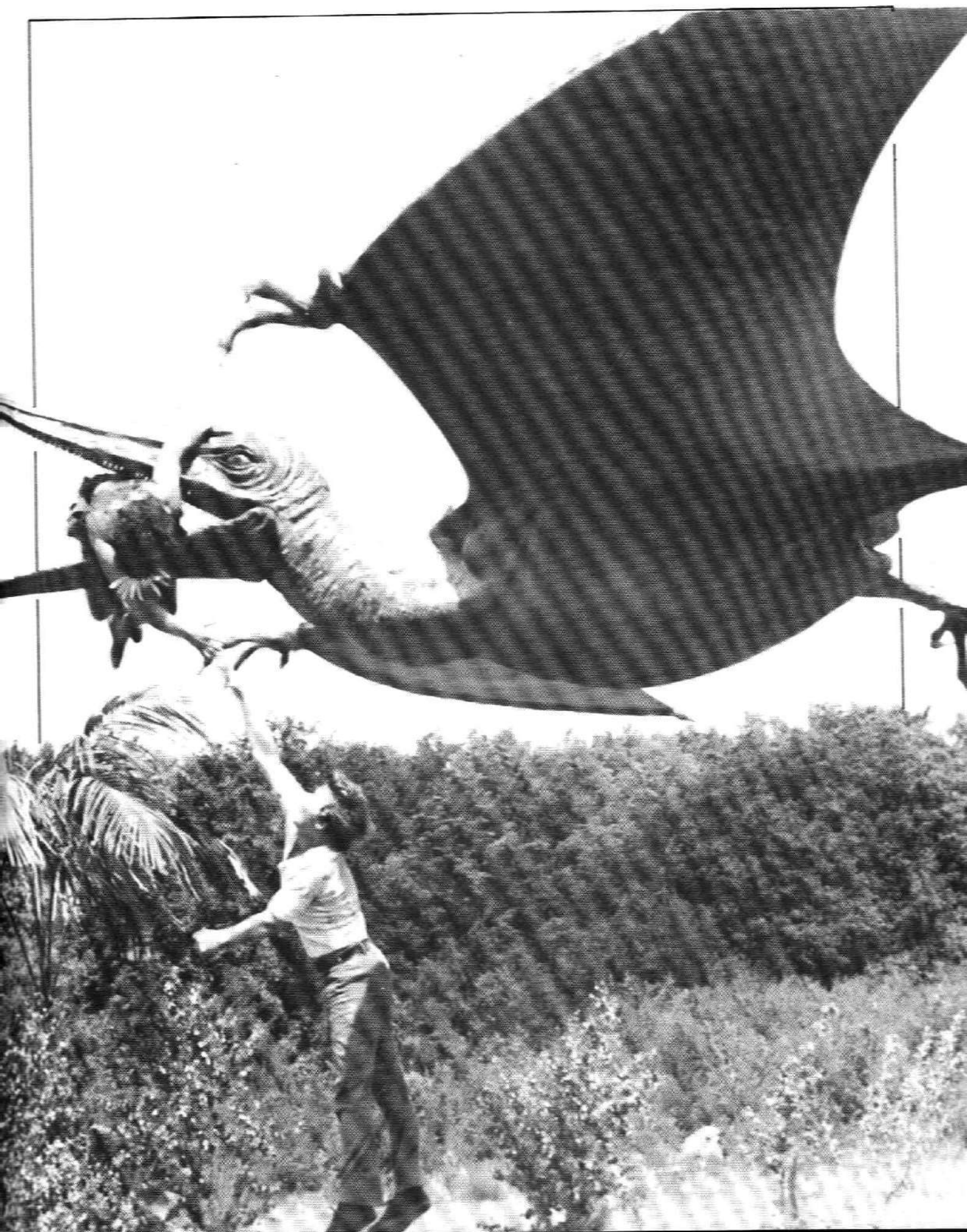
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COMING SOON from AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL

